

The Broken Leg

By M. QUAD

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The Widow Spicer lived on the outskirts of the village of Fowerville, and next to her little farm on the west lived Joe Tillman, a bashful man.

One evening he found her sister there. It was an evening in summer, and he had it all planned out to ask the widow how her tomatoes were coming along—if the potato bugs had appeared in the garden, if the summer squashes had begun to get necks on them, and various other things—and then all of a sudden he would ask her to marry him. It must be sudden or not at all.

The bashful Joe had been planning this plan for a week, but it was all upset by finding the sister there. Such was his embarrassment that he asked Mrs. Spicer to lend him a horse of hers instead of a hammer, and he had hardly got into the house when he wanted to get out again. After he had taken his departure the elder widow said to the younger:

"Sarah, how long has this thing been going on?"

"What thing?" she replied, with a guilty blush.

"This nonsense and waste of time. That fellow is in love with you, and a dog with one eye could see it."

"If he is he hasn't said so."

"Then it's your fault. You are as red as paint, and you needn't deny that you think a lot of him. Don't try to deceive a woman who has had three husbands. What I want to know is why you haven't married him?"

"Because I'm not going to marry again."

"Hoot-hoot! Don't talk foolishness."

"Well, then, Joe is a bashful man and hasn't asked me."

"That's better. There are some men born that way. I shall make it my business to cure this old bash."

"Martha, if you interfere—"

"I shall stay right here until he pops the question. No widow under forty has any business to be a widow over a year. If I wasn't fifty-two I'd be married within six months."

"You'd rope in a man the same as a calf, I suppose?" asked Mrs. Spicer sarcastically.

"But I forbid you to meddle with my affairs. I like Joe Tillman, but even if he was to ask me to marry him I don't think I'd do it—that is, I can't say that I would."

"Oh, well, we'll see about it," said the elder sister, and there the conversation dropped.

In making his visits to the widow Joe did not come by the highway running past both houses. Instead of that he cut across lots and approached her house from the rear. He had two fences to climb, and he always sat on the last fence for a time to get his courage up. Sister Martha, without pretending to see anything, noted this thing and planned accordingly.

She planned for a jar. She was a very practical woman, and one day when her sister had gone to the store she hunted up a hand saw, and, removing the top rail, she sawed it almost in

two and replaced it. It was just at the spot where Joe climbed over. It might work, and it might not. She would take her chances on that.

That evening, as the sun went down and the gloaming came on and the birds twittered their last notes and the shooters began roaming for prey, Joe Tillman might have been observed making a sneak across the fields. He hadn't visited the widow for three nights, being in terror of her sister. He had stood it as long as he could, and was now coming to borrow her horse or smokehouse or front fence.

The two widows sat on the veranda and waited. One waited to see if Joe would come, and the other waited for the jar that had been planned for Joe and the jar arrived together. If his heart hadn't been beating so tumultuously as he laid hands on that top rail he would have noticed something wrong, but as it was he climbed up and took his seat and had scarcely begun his hitching around when there was a crash and he went backward head over heels.

A crash was heard on the veranda, and both widows uttered exclamations and rose up. Both reasoned it out that it was Joe Tillman. Both ran for the fence. Yes, it was Joe. He lay in a heap on the far side of the fence, a leg doubled under him, and the women had to take down a lot of thorns to get over and at him.

At the first groan he gave they knew his leg was broken. At the second they ran for a mattress and carried him into the house. The hired man was hauled up in the barnyard and dispatched for a doctor, and long enough before midnight the broken limb had been set and the patient was doing well. Indeed, he was doing so well that the Widow Spicer came out of the spare bedroom with blushing cheeks and said to her sister:

"Martha, what do you think has happened?"

"Hasn't broken the other leg sounding around, has he?"

"Joe has asked me to marry him!"

"Hoot! But I had given him two weeks to make up his mind to it."

"But what do you know about it?"

"Why, I broke his leg. I made up my mind to break his leg or his neck to bring him to time, and now it won't be over six weeks before he can limp off to the preacher's with you and be married. Sarah, there is only one way to treat a bashful man who is in love with you—break his leg and make him talk."

"Why he got up."

"It was only about noon, but the communter yawned. He yawned heavily two or three times."

"Got up at 6 o'clock," he explained.

"Had to catch my train. When my wife waked me I said to her: 'Six o'clock! The chickens haven't begun to crow yet, have they? Why must I get up before the chickens do, I'd like to know?'"

"I don't know," she said, "unless it's because you're no chicken!"—New York Press.

Her Worry.

Mrs. Hoyle—You seem unhappy.

Mrs. Doyle—I am. I don't believe that if I were to die my husband would wear as deep mourning as he did for his first wife.—New York Press.

Scorpions too rigid are nothing else but concealed pride.—Goethe.

Answer This Question

When a remedy has lived for over thirty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their very lives to it, is it not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit?

We challenge the world to show any other one remedy for a special class of disease which has attained such an enormous demand and maintained it for so many years as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the famous woman's remedy for woman's ills. Unless it is a very good medicine and the claims made for it are honest, such a record would have been impossible—fraud or misrepresentations would long ago have been detected and the business gone into oblivion. Read this unsolicited letter:—

Corry, Pa.—"I am happy to write you about the benefit I received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before my marriage two years ago, I suffered something awful every month with pains and other distressing symptoms, and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in dry form. Since then I have never been troubled with pain, not even a dull headache or headache, and it has helped me a good deal before childbirth. I recommend your medicine wherever I go."—Mrs. E. E. Ross, 112 E. Church St., Corry, Pa.

When a woman like Mrs. Ross is generous enough to write such a letter as the above for publication, she should at least be given credit for a sincere desire to help other suffering women. For we assure you there is no other reason why she should court such publicity.

We say it in all sincerity and friendship—try this medicine.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



COMMONS BACK OF ASQUITH

106 Majority for "Guillotine" Procedure

PROVIDES EARLY VOTE

On Lord's Veto Resolution—Indicates Lower House Will Pass Measure. Outcome Regarded as Victory by the Government.

London, April 6.—Under Premier Asquith's guillotine procedure, the House of Commons Monday night rejected, by a vote of 307 to 201, the opposition amendment to the premier's resolution. The vote of the House of Commons, which was moved by Mr. Robert Finlay, and agreed that the premier's motion should go to committee without division. The House was crowded and many poets and diplomats were present. The announcement of the figures, showing that the government was sure of a majority of 106 for the veto resolutions, was greeted with prolonged ministerial cheers.

NO DECISION IN PULP EXPORT.

Quebec Cabinet Discusses the Question. Will Give Out Nothing.

Quebec, April 6.—A meeting of the provincial cabinet was held Monday, at which, it is understood, the government's policy in regard to the export of pulp wood was up for consideration. It was announced, however, that there was nothing for publication. Premier Gouin was asked when his policy in regard to this question would be announced, it being suggested that lumber interests and manufacturers in the United States probably are getting anxious. "I know they are anxious," said the premier, "but I am not considering the interests of the lumbermen any more than any other interests. I will announce my policy in detail in a few days."

AMERICAN ENVOY IN LIBERIA.

State Department Expects to Get a View of the Situation as It Is.

Washington, April 6.—The state department now has a representative on the scene in Liberia, where the local government is said to be beset by the native tribes and is reported to be in a bad plight generally. A cablegram received at the navy department yesterday announced the arrival at Monrovia Monday, of the scout cruiser Birmingham, with American Minister Lyon. It is expected that as soon as the minister has acquainted himself with the exact situation, he will report by cable to the state department, which is exhibiting a warm interest in behalf of the negro republic.

PERU READY TO STRIKE.

Land and Naval Forces Prepared for Events with Ecuador.

Lima, April 6.—The forces of Peru are under arms awaiting events with Ecuador. Admiral Villavicencio has been placed in command of the fleet and Colonel Alvarez put at the head of all the land forces in the department of Lambayeque. The full fighting strength is prepared to advance at a moment's notice.

LYNCHING IN TEXAS JAIL.

One Man Hanged, Another Cut Down Before Life Is Extinct.

Houston, Tex., April 6.—Following a sensational escape from jail, Frank Bates was lynched by hanging in the jail at Centerville last night. Dolly Bates, his son, was also strung up, but was cut down before life was extinct. The two men were ringleaders in the jail delivery. They were both wounded, as was also jailer St. John. All the jail breakers were captured.

MRS. BEYER COMMITS SUICIDE.

Wealthy Widow Held in Connection with Robbery Kills Herself.

New York, April 6.—Mrs. Bertha Beyer, a wealthy widow, who has been under examination in the investigation of the robbery of the Deeds estate of William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., several months ago, shot and killed herself yesterday at her home in New Hyde Park, Mineola, Long Island.

RUBBER \$3 A POUND.

Unprecedented Price in England for the Raw Product.

London, April 6.—The unprecedented price of 12s 4d a pound was paid for plantation raw rubber at the fortnightly sale in Mincing Lane yesterday. The bidding throughout was brisk.

PRIMARY LAW UPHELD.

The Wisconsin Election Measure Declared Valid by Supreme Court.

Madison, Wis., April 6.—The primary election law of Wisconsin was yesterday upheld in an opinion handed down by the Wisconsin supreme court.

SECRETARY ADEE A REAL CYCLIST

He Spends His Summers Pedaling Over France. President Taft a "Gadabout." The Verdict.

Washington, D. C., April 6.—Alvey A. Adee, second assistant secretary of state, is the harbinger of spring at the state department. Before the storms of March are over and the crocuses lift their humble heads above the green grass, Secretary Adee digs out of the recesses of his desk a dog eared road map of France and begins to trace there on the prospective tour he is to make during his summer's vacation, which he spends always on a bicycle. This preliminary preparation is most complete. He marks with a red cross the hotels at which he is to stop, with another kind of cross, the towns to which his luggage is to be forwarded and at which he will get a change of linen; a red line marks the route he is to take. Everything is arranged with the precision born of more than a score of years of diplomatic experience.

Mr. Adee is now so well known in France that the hotel keepers and innkeepers in the small towns and villages would be very much disappointed if they never knew him by name and can ask intelligent questions about the children, rejoicing in the news that Marie is married or that Jean has taken himself a wife, or shaking his head with genuine sorrow to hear that grand pere has been laid away for good since his last trip, or that the mother, who cooled the fat pullet for him summer before last, is so afflicted with rheumatism that she can do nothing in the kitchen any more.

From all this it is plain to be seen that Mr. Adee does not suffer for lack of good things in the harder at his approach. The news of his coming is the signal for the slaughter of the few choice bits of the family, no matter how many eggs she lays, and the best the garden has to offer is put before him. When he has refreshed himself and passed the time of day, he mounts his bicycle and pedals on to the next stop where it begins all over again.

Mr. Adee has pedaled over 20,000 miles of roads in France. He insists that it is not that he is an enthusiast in the matter of bicycle riding, but because it gives him the necessary exercise to put him in good physical trim for the rest of the year. Besides it enables him to proceed with a certain deliberation and gives him an intimate view of the country through which he passes. When he comes back to the state department, which is turned over to him while the secretary and assistant secretaries are away, his step is jaunty, his physical well being is in his cheeks, and he is on the job until the crocuses bloom again.

In dealing with the "hook worm" disease, which is so prevalent in some

QUICK RELIEF OF ITCHING ECZEMA

Was Surprising—Inflammation Reduced in a Few Hours and Cure Soon Followed—Boy's Torture Had Been Intense for Years—Friend's Child Had Eczema, Too.

MOTHER TELLS HOW CUTICURA CURED BOTH

"When my boy was six years old, he suffered terribly with itching eczema. Neither I nor he could get any sleep for the itching was dreadful. He would irritate spots by scratching with his hands and then we were worse. A doctor treated him and we tried almost everything, but the eczema seemed to spread. It started in a small place on the lower extremities and spread over two years until it very nearly covered the back part of his leg to the knee. Finally I got Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills and gave them according to directions. I used them in the morning and at evening, before I put my boy to bed, I used them again and the improvement even in those few hours was surprising. The inflammation seemed to be so much less. I used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, the same of the Pills and the Soap and my boy was cured. My son is now in his seventeenth year and he has never had a return of the eczema. I took care of a friend's child that had eczema on its face and limbs and I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They acted on him just as they did on my son and it has never returned. I would recommend the Cuticura Remedies to anyone. Mrs. A. J. Cochran, 1823 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 20, 1909."

FOR SKIN HUMORS

Torturing, disfiguring patches of humor on the skin, scalp or hands are instantly relieved and speedily cured in the majority of cases, by warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. For eczema, itching, itching, irritations, inflammations, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, for sunburn, antiseptic cleansing and all purposes of the toilet, these pure, sweet, gentle emollients are unrivaled.

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Grand Jury to Investigate Charges of Bribery Against Legislators.

Frankfort, Ky., April 6.—Judge R. L. Stout in the circuit court yesterday gave explicit instructions to the grand jury to make a complete investigation of charges of bribery made against members of the recent legislature.

parts of the South, doctors and scientists have encountered a peculiar prejudice. They have found that people who are not ashamed to admit that they have "ground itch," or that they are "anemic," become extremely indignant at the suggestion that they have the "hook worm" disease. If they are told that they have "unimpaired," which means the same thing, they may be enthusiastic to undergo treatment.

Doctor C. W. Stiles, of the public health and marine hospital service, who has been making an investigation of this disease in Florida and North Carolina, says that as absurd as this situation is it presents a serious practical problem and he suggests the use of the term "ground itch anemia," as the popular name for the disease to be used with persons, who are too proud or too sensitive to be treated for "hook worm."

Doctor Stiles found that the disease was a real danger, over 60 per cent. of the school children in three counties in South Florida being infected.

The village gossip here have delivered the verdict. Neighbor Taft is a "gadabout." Not a mild "gadabout," who goes a little now and then, but a real, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide gadabout who is on the go all the time. And if you don't believe it look at the record.

The White House hearthstone has been singularly deserted since the Taft regime began. When he is not traveling outside of Washington, dinners, parties, balls, lectures, conversations, the theatre, social and business gatherings of all kinds, drag the presidential presence from the executive roof-tree, and the said presence seems not to be averse to being dragged away. On the contrary it seems to enjoy it.

Probably two-thirds of the "occasional" have demanded speeches, impromptu or otherwise. Several national words of public speaking have been turned out by the president in the last year. At least two nights a week, when he is in Washington, the president attends the theatres. Often he first takes in the play, and afterwards hurries away to some other function, a dinner, or dance. It is strange that the huculicant mustache that Adee—or reveals—the famous Taft smile is growing gray.

Probably no other president ever put the physical effort into gadding about that Taft does. Certainly he holds the record for continuous performances. Three engagements in an evening with two speeches to deliver is no uncommon thing for him.

Besides all this, President Taft does a real day's work every day. He is up at 7 for a half hour's hard exercise with his physical trainer, who puts him through a strenuous course of "setting up" drills and shadow boxing before the day's business begins. From 9:30 until 2 he is at the executive office, grinding out a gist of landholders, and handling executive business and legislative calls. At 2 a short hour for luncheon and he is back on the job until six. From then until 7:30 he usually takes his daily walk, hurrying back to the White House for dinner, and to prepare for the strenuous evening, with its theatre, dinners, and speeches.

All this is wearing down the avoirdupois of the executive, but the ones who are getting nervous prostration over it are the secret service men. To them the present program means work almost without end. Hundreds of petty details must be attended to every time the president goes to the theatre or takes a walk, and it is up to the quiet complacent walking arenas to do the work. Just now they are thinking fondly of the luxurious Roosevelt days, when hard work consisted of a 15 or 20 mile walk through a rain storm, or a 60 mile horseback trot, and it did not involve six nights a week of social functioning.

The state department always knew that Thomas H. Norton was a versatile sort of a fellow. He was born in New York and educated in Ohio. That's one reason he was given the post of consul at Chemnitz, Saxony. But not until his last report came in did Secretary Knox fully realize Norton's capacity for research, or his powers of observation.

"Of late years there has been dissatisfaction over the history of history, especially the finer grades, to fear where the ordinary history supporters are looked or attached," says the consul to Chemnitz. "The complaints have increased as the old-fashioned garter has been steadily discarded for the more modern and hygienic supporter. Two new styles of Chemnitz history have appeared, warranted free from defects. In the first design an additional 'garter well' is knit about the top and forms a constituent part of the stocking, four inches below the customary welt. The additional cost per dozen pair is 12 cents."

A second design presents two broad loops on opposite sides of a stocking, starting five inches below the top. They are one inch wide and an inch and a half long, formed during the operation of knitting, and constitute an integral part of the stocking. Supporters can easily be attached to these loops, but the results of wear cannot extend to the stocking proper. The additional cost sixteen and two-thirds cents per dozen pairs of hose."

King, who is a railroad man, was just leaving Green's hotel, nearby, when one of the fleeing bandits turned for a last shot at the policeman. Instead of hitting the officer, it killed King. He may recover.

Thomas Neery, another boarder at Green's hotel, also exhibited a wound in the arm. He and others from the hotel had started after the robbers, but were halted by the revolver shots. The only description of the bandits obtainable was that they appeared young and wore slouch hats.

IN TRUE WEST STYLE

Bandits Rob Bank Near Pittsburgh

TWO OFFICIALS SHOT DEAD

The Robbers Got Safely Away with \$400 in Cash—They Covered Their Escape with Volleys of Revolver Shots.

Pittsburgh, Pa., April 6.—A bank robbery with wild West features was pulled off by four desperadoes in McKees Rocks last night, with the murder of two men and the possible fatal shooting of another. The robbers themselves, covering their escape with volleys of revolver shots, got safely away with at least \$400 in cash from the offices of the Victor Banking company.

Samuel Friedman, general manager of the company, was shot dead; his assistant, Jesse Schwartz, was shot in the head, and Robert King, a passer-by, was seriously shot in the groin. Schwartz died in a few minutes.

Friedman and Schwartz were alone in the bank, which does a foreign exchange business on the outskirts of McKees Rocks, counting the day's cash, which was spread upon the counter, when four foreigners invaded the place with revolvers. Friedman was shot twice, while one of the men scooped up the money.

As they ran away, the wounded Friedman followed them, shouting for help, only to fall with another volley from the robbers. A policeman's face which appeared around the corner just at the moment was grazed with a bullet.

The scene of the robbery is near the Ohio river, close to that where the "bloody Sunday" riots of the present steel car company's strike took place, in which many were killed and wounded.

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Hammond, Ind., April 6.—Edward Payson Weston, pedestrian, Monday night when he quit for the day had made good progress on what he called the home stretch of his tour from Los Angeles to New York. He reached Hammond, Ind., before midnight.

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